

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

IN THE

NEW PANTOMIME

CALLED

Lord Mayor's Day;

OR, A
Flight from Lapland.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE - ROYAL,

IN

COVENT - GARDEN.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. CADELL, in the Strand, 1782.

SONGS, DUTIES, &c.

IN THE

NEW PANTOMIME

OF

London Mayor's Day;



Highland

THE

THE

IN

GOVERNMENT

Printed at the Office of the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain	- - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Sailor	- - - - -	Mr. BRETT.
Gobble	- - - - -	Mr. WILSON.
Serjeant	- - - - -	Mr. DAVIES.
Barber	- - - - -	Mr. MILLS.
Glazier	- - - - -	Mr. DARLEY.
Vintner	- - - - -	Mr. BOOTH.
Hatter	- - - - -	Mr. DOYLE.
Clod	- - - - -	Mr. EDWIN.

Lucretia	- - - - -	Mrs. WILSON.
Polly	- - - - -	Miss MORRIS.
Aërial Spirit	- - - - -	Mrs. MARTYR.

DRAMATIS PERSONA.

Mr. Harrison	-	-	-	-	-	Captain
Mr. Brett	-	-	-	-	-	Sailor
Mr. Watson	-	-	-	-	-	Gooble
Mr. Davies	-	-	-	-	-	Sergeant
Mr. Miles	-	-	-	-	-	Barber
Mr. Darnley	-	-	-	-	-	Glazier
Mr. Booth	-	-	-	-	-	Printer
Mr. Doyle	-	-	-	-	-	Waiter
Mr. Edwin	-	-	-	-	-	Clod

Mrs. Wilson	-	-	-	-	-	Lucinda
Mrs. Morris	-	-	-	-	-	Polly
Mrs. Martin	-	-	-	-	-	Aunt Spink

SONGS, DUETS, &c.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.

ACT I.

RECITATIVE.—*Spirit.*

HIS ring contains his power,
If that you gain,
You liberty for Colombine obtain,
And to your mind
A fair auspicious wind
Shall blow from Lapland's icy shore,
And waft you to the Nore,
And thus the Sorc'rer bind.

RECI-

RECITATIVE.—*Spirit.*

IN pleasure's wildest round,
 _____ be found,
 And sprightly gambol still, with airy whim, and
 sportive wile:
 Thy cares beguile,
 Never ceasing joy to win,
 Be all that fancy can suppose---be Harlequin.

RECITATIVE.—*Spirit.*

FOR France, if you esteem a cotillion,
 For Italy, if you prefer a song,
 That for America if you want to fight.
 If a good knife and fork you wish to play,
 That wind's for London, on a Lord Mayor's
 Day.

A I R.

A I R.—*Spirit.*

Airy, wild, fantastic youth,
From these icy regions fly;
London---seat of honor---truth,
Courts thy presence, thither hie.
Swift as Time then haste away,
Time enough for Lord Mayor's Day.

II.

Sweet and gentle Colombine,
First some transient perils prove,
Then shall ev'ry joy be thine,
Joys to crown thy faithful love.

D U E T T.—*Sailor and Polly.*

P O L L Y.

Oh, welcome home, my dearest Jack,

S A I L O R.

What cheer, my pretty Polly?

P O L L Y.

Rejoic'd to see my love come back,

S A I L O R.

Then why so melancholy?

But whither bound my charming snow?

P O L L Y.

Alas, I know not whither.

B

S A I L O R

SAILOR.

If turn'd adrift, and frighted sore,
A fair wind blew me hither,
A bus, but first your apron hold,
To rig you out compleatly.

POLLY.

Oh, bless my heart, is all this gold?

SAILOR.

It is, now kifs me sweetly.

POLLY.

But dearest Jack,

SAILOR.

What says my wench?

POLLY.

Oh, tell me how you got 'em?

SAILOR.

I drubb'd the Spaniards, bang'd the French,
And kick'd Mynheer's broad bottom,
Let's weigh for church,

POLLY.

But dearest life,

Ah, will you e'er deceive me?

SAILOR.

I tell you no.

POLLY.

But when your wife,

Ah, say you'll never leave me.

SAILOR.

My King and Country---

POLLY.

((11))

POLLY.

Oh, no more-

For both you've done your duty.

SAILOR.

Your hand for life,

I'm lash'd on shore

Wind-bound by love and beauty.

BOTH.

Let failors when their sweethearts mourn,

Thus cheer 'em with a kind return.

A port like me, let failors find,

With sweethearts constant, fair, and kind.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

B 2 ACT

A C T II.

A I R.—*Captain, Serjeant, Tradesmen.*

C A P T A I N.

I F the French should come,
What barber so bold
A helping hand will lend us?

S E R J E A N T.

But beat up your drum,
And see, behold,
A barber here to defend us.

B A R B E R.

Like St. Dunstan at the Devil, I'd rush on Bri-
tain's foes,
And with my curling irons take a Frenchman
by the nose.

C H O R U S.

But it's all one to me,
Such merry men we be,
And the more we soldiers drink still the mer-
rier we be.

C A P T A I N.

If the French should come,
What glazier bold
A helping hand will lend us?

S E R-

SERJEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And see, behold,
A glazier here to defend us.

GLAZIER.

I'd cut 'em into panes, as my diamond cuts up
glafs,
And darken up their day-lights, so let the jo-
rum pass.

Chorus——But it's all one, &c.

CAPTAIN.

If the French should come,
What vintner so bold
A helping hand will lend us?

SERJEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And see, behold,
A vintner here to defend us.

VINTNER.

I'll punch 'em into port, and their claret let us
spill;
I'll rack 'em with champaign, and I'll bring
'em in my bill.

Chorus——But it's all one, &c.

CAP-

CAPTAIN.

If the French should come,
What hatter so bold
A helping hand will lend us?

SERGEANT.

But beat up your drum,
And see, behold,
A hatter here to defend us.

HATTER.

Black as my hat I'd beat 'em, the Frenchman,
Dutch and Don,
And leave 'em ne'er a head to hang their hats
upon.

Chorus——But all's one to me, &c.

A I R.——*Lucretia.*

I'M the toast of half the city,
For my shapes I bear the belle;
Tom, the tailor, swears I'm pretty——
Tom himself looks pretty well.

Oh,

Oh, the little rolling tailor,

None can roll it so like he;

Oh, my little rolling tailor,

Blithe and merry may he be!

II.

Once a jolly, roving sailor,

Ask'd if I his wife would be:

No, says I, the little tailor

Is the lad that's made for me.

Oh, the little, &c.

III.

Sunday first the tailor saw me,

I was trick'd out neat and nice;

Up' then steps my little Tommy,

And he kifs'd me in a trice.

Oh, the little, &c.

IV.

Oh, his kifs was sweet as honey!

Little Tom is my delight:

Then the rogue he looks so funny

In his wig and stockings white!

Oh, the little, &c.

v. Tommy

Tommy thinks that I'm an heiress;
When we're married, what a pair!
Yes, I'll be my Lady Mayorefs,
When my Tom is made Lord Mayor!

Oh, my little, &c.

A. I. R.—*Clod.*

There was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
Green and airy round;
There was an old woman liv'd under a hill,
And she had good beer and ale to sell,
With her clack,
Hery cory,
Airy
Whack,
Jack and her airy round,

II.

She had an old man, and he wore a wig,
Grey and hairy round;
She had an old man, and he wore a wig,
A cat and a dog, and a nice little pig;
With her clack, &c.

III. She

III.

She had a daughter—her name it was Nan,

Plump and airy round;

She had a daughter—her name it was Nan,

And Nan she lov'd to play with a man,

With her clack, &c.

IV.

There came a trooper a-riding by,

Brisk and airy round;

There came a trooper a-riding by,

He call'd for drink because he was dry,

With his clack, &c.

V.

His boots were leather, his coat was red,

Bold and airy round;

His boots were leather, his coat was red,

A spur on his heel, and a hat on his head;

With his clack, &c.

VI.

This trooper then he look'd so big,

Bluff and airy round;

This trooper then he look'd so big,

Kiss'd Nan, drank beer, and eat up the pig;

With his clack, &c.

S O N G.—Gobble.

Tune, "O what a charming thing's a battle!"

Oh, what a charming thing's our dinner!

Come ye souls who love good eating,

Sharp our knives, yet stomachs keener,

When Guildhall the place of meeting.

With what pleasure are we spying

Such delicious, dainty fare!

Turtle, venison, pheasant, hare,

All our favorite dishes eying!

At each bit each friend defying,

With a brimmer come who dare.

Turtle hash,

Calipash,

Sop

Pop,

All the while the fiddlers playing

Fiddle faddle,

Strim-stram frumming,

Piping, drumming,

Oh, what a charming thing's a dinner!

Thus the pleasant't joke of all

Is when we dine in our Guildhall;

Empty dishes, well-fill'd bellies,

Puddings, pasties, pies and jellies!

Drink and eat,

Glorious treat!

Sharp

Sharp our knives, yet stomachs keener :
Giants wonder,
Blood and thunder !
What a charming thing's our dinner !

F I N A L E.

WHILE thus old Thames with splendid pride,
And silver stream shall nobly glide,
Oh, London, ever may'st thou be
Still honor'd, wealthy, great and free.
And as we gently float along,
Sweet Naïds chaunt this glorious strain:
Sound, Tritons, catch the choral song,
And bear it to the wond'ring main.

Oh, London, ever, &c.

T H E E N D.

(12)

Sharp our knives, yet stomachs keener:
Giants wonder,
Blood and thunder!
What a charming thing's our dinner!

FINALE

WHILE thus old Times with splendid pride,
And silver streams that nobly glide,
Oh, London, ever may'st thou be
Still honor'd, wealthy, great and free.
And as we gently float along,
Sweet Nais chant this glorious song:
Sound, Timon, and the choral song,
And bear it to the world's ring main.
Oh, London, ever, &c.

T H E E N D